

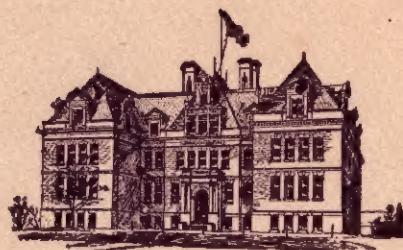
The Student's Pen



VOL. IV

MARCH, 1919

NO. 1



PITTSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

Graduation Number



LORNE B. HULSMAN
PRINCIPAL PITTSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

"*The Pen is mightier than the Sword*"

The Student's Pen

FOUNDED 1893

Published Monthly during the School Year by the Students of Pittsfield High School,
Pittsfield, Massachusetts

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VOL. IV, NO. 1

BOARD OF EDITORS

Editor-in-Chief
Harriet E. Gehrken

Associate Editors
William E. Bagg, Jr.
Margaret Barnes
John W. Ward

Graduation

The freshman, upon leaving the grades, looks upon life in the High School as a vast labyrinth of paths of learning which he cannot possibly traverse during the four short years of his stay within its portals. But, after a week or two of blindly following the lead of kindly teachers, the maze clears and he sees before him endless pages of French and English and mathematics through which he must wade to reach his goal, that golden day crowning all his past efforts—graduation.

From the very day that the prospective student takes up his studies, he sees far beyond the present. He sees more than books before him; he sees the day when he shall have completed his work; when he will be rejoicing in the joys of graduation.

To the youthful student of to-day, graduation is the day of all days. It is a day never to be forgotten. It is the happiest and yet at the same time the saddest day of his life. To the frivolous young woman, it is a day of white dresses; a day of joy and gladness; the day when she closes her books and takes up the task of living her life. It is for her to decide whether her life be frivolous and shallow or whether it be worth while. Therefore graduation day is a day of decisions. To the serious-minded young woman, the day has a touch of sadness intermingled with the gladness which she feels. It is the keen pain of parting with dear friends. She feels the seriousness of the time; she realizes, as never before, just what lies before her beyond the door of the schoolroom. She has, for the first time in her life, a glimpse into the dim, shadowy vale of the future, and

she sees there—success or failure? Happiness or sadness? Who knows? None but the hand of the divine God can mould that young life into perfect moral and intellectual beauty. To the young man standing on the threshold of life, the outlook is much the same.

But graduation means far more than the mere closing of books and the cessation of studies. On that day the gates of life are thrown open and the young man or the young woman, as the case may be, leaves his or her schooldays behind and enters into an entirely new life, far different from the days spent in the schoolroom, guided by the conscientious teachers. It is a life of golden opportunity into which the graduating student enters and it rests with the youth or young woman whether or not opportunity shall knock in vain at the door of his or her life.

Four years of study reach their culmination in graduation day. It is one of the never-to-be-forgotten days of life. He who misses the joys and sorrows of that day will never appreciate what it means to the student who struggles through the lessons set before him, who labors up the steep side of the mountain of knowledge, to find that graduation day and life, a blank page upon which he may write what he will, lay before him.

Graduation day, the day when the young man and the young woman begin their journey along the path of life, is the day on which the successful business man and the proud loving mother, seeing their young daughter or their stalwart manly son entering the walk of life, grow young again dreaming of the day when they were graduated.

Edna M. Friss

Class Ode

By Flora Shepardson

Gathered here in our dear Pittsfield High School,
A parting song we raise.
With grateful hearts we dedicate
To thee our hymn of praise.
We would thank thee for deeds done with gladness,
For once happy days that are passed;
May we always thy precepts hold fast.
As we go from they well loved halls
Life's journey to pursue,
Always true to ourselves may we ever be,
And so be true to you.

Chorus

Gone forever the happy, happy days;
And our paths diverge in many ways,
But our hearts will e'er be true
To the memory of you.
Sing "Hurrah," and "Three times three,"
Raise the voice in praise of thee.
Dear old P. H. S. farewell,
Till we meet again.

Graduation Program

Concert from 8:00 to 8:30 by High School Glee Club and High School Orchestra	Ruth White
Salutatory, "Aim High"	Carolyn Cotrell
"South America, the Land of Opportunity"	Alice Coffey
"The Shutting of the Doors"	Dora Sussman
"The Value of Play"	John Ward
Address to the Senior B Class	Joseph E. Peirson, Chairman School Committee
Announcement of Pro Merito Appointments	Valedictory, The Value of Concentration
	John A. Frank
Awarding of Diplomas	Mayor William C. Moulton
Singing of the Class Ode	The Class

The Value of Concentration of Mind

There are few qualities more essential to success in any line of endeavor than concentration of mind. The rays of the sun, falling on an object, may warm it, but they can not kindle a flame unless they are concentrated by a lens at a single point. Just so, one may focus his mental energies on the duty before him, and utilize his mind to the best advantage. To do this, it is necessary to exclude from the mind, as far as possible, everything but the subject under present consideration. Thomas Edison is a notable illustration of what can be accomplished by concentration. It is said that he would sometimes become so absorbed in his work that he would forget to eat, and even to sleep—but everyone knows of his great achievements. Without going to such extremes we should all profit by Mr. Edison's example of the value of concentration:

In school work, concentration is especially valuable. By studying intensely, a lesson, in history, for instance, can be learned much more thoroughly and quickly than by merely skimming it over with one eye on the book and the other on the clock. Besides, a lesson learned by concentrated study is remembered longer and more exactly than one which is crammed hastily into the brain a few minutes before it is recited.

Moreover, concentration adds immeasurably to the enjoyment of life. If we do our best at the meanest labor, it ceases to be drudgery. The more we try to interest ourselves in what we are doing, the easier and more agreeable it seems. Even if our present task is extremely distasteful, if we devote our whole attention to it, we shall soon finish it. Then too, the pleasure of our amusements is greatly increased by concentration. To enjoy a book, a play, or a game to the utmost, we must give it our undivided attention. The athlete who strives with all his might, although he may lose the contest, will gain the respect of his fellows. Is a half-hearted existence worth while? Is not the happiest life the life of earnest, concentrated effort?

Parents, to you we owe our greatest debt of gratitude, for it is because of your self-sacrifice and foresight that we are here on the platform this evening. You hope for our advancement will be our greatest encouragement in the future.

Mr. Hulsman, teachers and undergraduates, let us not dwell on the fact that we are parting. Let us look forward, and not backward. Some of us will not leave the school until June. Even those who leave now will but join those who have gone before them into factory, store, office, and college.

Classmates, wherever we are in the years to come, may we never forget the days that we have spent here together. May we always remember the friends we have made and the lessons we have learned.

Your honor, and members of the school committee, to you we will not say farewell. On the other hand, allow me to introduce to you the class of February 1919, the future men and women of Pittsfield.

John A. Frank

Salutatory

"I hold it truth with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

Honorable Mayor, Members of the School Committee, Teachers,
Parents and Friends:—

In the name of the Class of 1919, I heartily welcome you this evening to our graduation exercises. Our four years of study and toil in books of knowledge end to-night. But may the lessons that we have learned during these years serve as stepping-stones to higher things.

Honorable Mayor and Members of the School Committee:—

In our exercises we hope that you may find some one thing to repay you partially for your generous and effective expenditure of time in the cause of the schools. We thank you for what you have done for us.

Dear Teachers:—

To you, we feel very grateful for the kind assistance that you have rendered us and the encouragement that you have given us during our school days. We know that we have profited under your instruction, and because of it, we feel better prepared to enter upon life's great battles.

Parents and Friends:—

We will never be able to express to you our gratitude and thanks for that advantage which we have received through your love and kindness—a high school education. In this, you have given us something which means very much to the man and the woman of to-day, and something which will ever remain with us

throughout life. In future years, we shall endeavor to prove ourselves worthy of that love which you have bestowed upon us.

To do this, O fellow-classmates,—to prove ourselves worthy,—let us "aim high." The lives of all the truly great men and women show that their aim was high. Surely, we cannot do better than to follow their examples, ever remembering what they, in part, must have thought, "Too low they build who build beneath the stars."

It is true that men are often prevented from ever gaining what they strive and long for most; but yet, it is not necessary for each individual to reach the top-notch of life in order to be a success. In nature's plan, he who accomplishes that for which he was created, is judged perfect, no matter how insignificant his success may appear when considered by itself.

"It is not wealth, nor power, nor state,
But 'git-up-and-git' that makes men great."

No matter what opposition a great man meets, or what discouragement overtakes him, labor cannot weary him. He will persist, no matter what comes or goes. Not so much brilliancy of purpose as constancy of intellect gives success.

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

Ruth White

Address to the Senior B's

My dear friends, one of the oldest customs of this school compels the graduating Seniors to give advice to the class which takes its honored place. You haven't realized, perhaps, that in all classes beneath Senior A rank traces of freshmen habits exist which must be discarded entirely before it can take the dignified position of a Senior A class. On account of these traces of freshmen habits, the class which takes the graduating Seniors place, is assembled on Graduation night and given worthy counsel and good advice by the Senior class. This advice and counsel is designed to correct those habits. The class which takes our place may be seen in the front row where they have been placed so that they may be able to hear everything that is said. Senior B's, listen attentively in order that, perhaps, you may have a graduating class as intelligent, as orderly and as dignified as ours.

First and most important is the subject of behavior. Good behavior is the distinguishing mark of a Senior class. To tell the truth, thus far you have not shown this distinguishing mark. How many times have we heard that your class meetings have broken up in a turmoil, how many times have we heard that members of your class have exhibited conduct unbecoming to Seniors. Many times have we been worried because we were afraid that the prestige of the Senior class would be lost when you became Seniors. I hope that you are able to realize that this conduct can not go on. Follow our footsteps on the narrow pathway and you will be worthy Seniors. Seniors, do not forget this advise.

Second to behavior comes the need of intensive studying. Honest work in class will be an important factor in the success of your class. The undergraduates must have an example to follow and they naturally look to the Senior class. Your class must furnish this example. Our class has painstakingly labored to provide a worthy example to be followed but now the burden will fall upon your shoulders. We know that your shoulders are woefully weak but good hard work in class will strengthen them. Every class in school admires our knowledge. Therefore, I ask you to labor hard to gain this admiration as it will last long after you have departed.

Side by side are intensive studying and the practice of staying at home in the evening. Do not waste your valuable time by going to dances and parties. Late hours will ruin your health. Follow carefully our footsteps in regard to this subject. The members of our class are so studious that they stay at home at night to study. On the other hand, the members of your class are known by the late hours they keep. You must give up this practice and be more like our class. We do not go to any dances or parties with the result that we are better off mentally as well as physically. I beg that you will follow this advice as it will be an important factor in the success of your class.

Now comes the last but not the least bit of advice. I suppose that you have

noticed those little mites which strut around school puffed up with their own importance. That group which in class exercises is placed in the gallery to keep them out of trouble. I see by your faces that you realize that I mean freshmen. One of your duties is to protect this class from the perils of the world. Protect them as you would a rare treasure as every class must have its freshmen to make its jokes about. Neglect this class and eternal shame will be your reward.

Senior B's, our advice has been given. If you will follow this advice, success will be yours; neglect it, and failure will be your lot. In the name of the graduating class, whose place you will take, I ask you to promise to do these things in order to uphold the worthy name of the Senior class and to fit you to take your place upon this platform next June with a clear conscience and an untroubled mind, satisfied that you have done your duty.

John Ward



List of Graduates, February, 1919

Mary Aaronson	Ida Funk	Margaret McSweeney
William E. Bagg, Jr.	Mary Gaul	Wallace Mattoon
Margaret Barnes	Harriet Gehrkens	Lillian Meagher
Edwin Benson	Ruth Gorfinkle	Anna C. Murphy
Hazel Benton	Claude Halford	Lillian Needham
Florence Bitensky	Margaret Hanrahan	Keith Pierce
Esther Cande	Helen Harder	Katherine Reagan
Mae Carey	Vera Harper	Flora Shepardson
Kathleen Casey	Margaret Heaney	Alice Steele
Alice Coffey	Ariel Jacobs	Marguerite Street
Grace Corkhill	Helen Kallman	Dora Sussman
Carolyn Cottrell	James Kenney	John Ward
Grace Cranston	Margaret Kevlin	Helen White
Catherine Cronin	Ruth Klein	Ruth White
John Frank	John P. Leahy	Kenneth Williams
Walter Frank	Ruth Lewarn	Gladys Wiswell
Edna Friss	Kenneth McDonough	James Woolrich

Pro-Merito List

John Frank	Mae Carey	Flora Shepardson
Ruth White	Gladys Wiswell	Ruth Klein
Carolyn Cottrell	Vera Harper	Keith Pierce
Alice Coffey	Grace Cranston	Ariel Jacobs
Dora Sussman	Esther Cande	Katherine Reagan
Ruth Gorfinkle		Helen White



CLASS OF FEBRUARY 1919



CAST OF SENIOR PLAY

Class Officers

<i>President</i>	William E. Bagg, Jr.
<i>Vice-President</i>	Claude Halford
<i>Secretary</i>	Ruth White
<i>Treasurer</i>	Grace Cranston

Class Colors: Scarlet and Silver

Class Motto: Alta Petens

Dance Committee

Harriet Gehrkens, <i>Chairman</i>	Claude Halford
Kenneth Williams	Margaret Kevlin
Keith Pierce	
Esther Cande	

Sleighride Committee

Ruth Klein, <i>Chairman</i>	John W. Ward
James Kenney	

Play Committee

Wallace Mattoon, <i>Chairman</i>	Esther Cande
Keith Pierce	Margaret Barnes

Class Day Committee

Mae E. Carey, <i>Chairman</i>	William E. Bagg, Jr.
Flora Shepardson	
Kenneth Williams	Keith Pierce

The Choral Club Concert

On Friday evening, Jan. 24, 1919, at 8 o'clock, the High School Choral Club gave a concert in the High School auditorium. The concert was conducted by Prof. Chas. Smith, assisted by Minnie L. Sample, soprano and H. L. West, pianist, and accompanied by the High School orchestra. The proceeds from the concert were to be devoted entirely to the payment of outstanding bills of the High School Athletic Association.

The concert was opened with the singing of the Star Spangled Banner. The orchestra gave several selections, and Mrs. Sample sang two solos, accompanied by Mr. West. In the course of the evening, Mrs. Sample complimented the School upon its excellent Glee Club and Mr. Smith on the excellence of the singing and the splendid appearance of the club. The closing number on the program was the singing of "America" by the Choral Club.

The club was very fortunate in having Mrs. Sample with it. Her appearance was greeted with hearty applause and she was presented with a beautiful bouquet.

The club is deserving of much credit. The concert was the first public performance given by that body and very little rehearsing had been done on the numbers which it sang.

E. M. F., '19

The Senior Play

Friday, February 7, after many weeks of patient coaching on the part of Miss Rose Converse, and hard work on the part of the cast, the Senior Play, "Mr. Bob," was presented before crowded houses, whose applause proved that the time and work had not been given in vain.

The play was a farce from beginning to end and the audience was kept in gales of laughter by the many amusing situations which arose.

The complicated plot was woven around Miss Luke's instinctive love for cats, which gave great distress to her family, and the fact that Mr. Bob is in reality a very charming girl. The inevitable agent comes to the house, is taken for Mr. Brown, the architect, Mr. Saunders, Philip's college friend, and Mr. Bob, and is not given an opportunity to disclose his identity until the last scene. Cats too, have an important part, and although the noble Jenkins objected, three specimens were introduced and appeared quite at ease. The boy play of Patty, the romantic maid, who aspired to be either a ballet dancer or a Shakesperian Juliet, and the dignified Jenkins, was one of the bright spots of the play. Patty was played by Carolyn Cottrell and Jenkins by John Frank and it is doubtful whether these two parts could have been better filled.

Katherine Rogers, Miss Luke's niece, who called her friend, Marian Bryant

"Mr. Bob" just for a little fun at her cousin's expense, was cleverly played by Ruth White and Margaret Kevlin was a delightful Marian Bryant alias "Mr. Bob."

Rebecca Luke, the maiden aunt who had such a failing for cats, was played by Grace Corkhill, who took this difficult part with great ease.

John Ward, who played the part of Mr. Brown, clerk for Benson and Benson, furnished many laughs in his difficulties and the part of Phillip Roysen, played by Claude Halford was also exceedingly well taken.

A cat dance, a jig of cooks and waitresses and a butler's drill were pleasing diversions in the play. In the last act a chorus of young people appeared and sang several popular airs.

Girls of the Senior Class, attractively dressed, acted as ushers and sold home made candy between acts. The music was furnished by the High School Orchestra.

The Senior Dance

On Thursday evening Dec. 26th the Senior Dance was held at the Masonic Temple. There was a large crowd present, and the dance was a success financially as well as socially. Escher's five piece orchestra furnished the music. The committee deserves great credit for the way in which it managed the affair.

Dalton Notes

On Jan. 22, 1919, the senior class of Pittsfield High School went to Dalton to enjoy a banquet and dance. The party had planned to go by sleigh, but on account of the absence of snow, a special car was engaged.

Upon arriving at Dalton the party went immediately to the Irving House where a bounteous repast was enjoyed. Following the dinner Mr. Ward, acting as toastmaster, called upon Mr. Kenney for a speech, but he respectfully declined with the excuse that he had left his notes at home. Miss Friss was next called upon for a solo, but on account of a slight cold, begged to be excused. The toastmaster, Mr. Ward, discouraged by these vain attempts to procure entertainment for the party, called upon the entire assemblage to sing a few selections. After responding nobly with good intentions and poor results, the entire class went to the Knights of Columbus hall, where Becker's orchestra furnished music for dancing.

The party had planned to leave at 1.15 on the next morning, but on Mr. Hulsman's suggestion, that this was too late for them to be out on a mid-week night, they returned to Pittsfield at 11.37, much to their disappointment.

Jas. Woolrich

A Class Meeting

A class meeting is usually a wild and noisy affair. At the appointed hour, about three-fourths of the class assembles in Room 16, and the meeting is called to order. A subject is brought up for discussions and immediately a hot argument ensues. Every one has a different opinion but, unfortunately each seeks to express his idea at the same time. To say that this produces confusion, is putting it mildly. At this point two or three students enter the room. The subject under discussion must be explained to them, they try to express their views and the hubbub begins anew. In vain the President demands order. The roomful of unruly students cannot be quieted. Then a teacher enters the room to inquire the cause of the disturbance, and of course, it is necessary to explain matters to her. She ventures an opinion different from any offered before, and reluctantly departs. Someone moves that the suggestion of the teacher be adopted. Instantly there is a new uproar. Everybody talks at once. No one seems to have anything important to say, or to be talking to any one in particular, yet the clamor is unceasing. The President, having decided that the riot cannot be quelled, sits down to wait until some of the excitement dies away. Again the door opens, and this time the principal enters. In the midst of a sudden lull in the disturbance, the presiding officer makes clear the subject under discussion. The principal extends his views on the situation, but very kindly consents to leave the matter for the class to decide. He takes his departure. At once some fiery orator leaps to his feet, or rather to his desk and attempts to show why this latest suggestion should not be adopted. All are certain that something else should be done, but no one seems to be able to suggest anything agreeable to the entire class. The President looks at his watch. It is already 2.40, but still the argument continues. At length, some courageous soul, moves that the meeting be adjourned. For the first time in the afternoon, all the students agree. The fact that the matter which they were to decide is still undecided does not seem to occur to them. The President wipes his weary brow, and the class files out, still arguing as they go. Such is a meeting of the class of 1919.

Margaret M. McSweeney

The War is Over

It was the height of the battle
An' the enemy gainin', too;
They was comin' nearer our trenches
They had more guns, we knew.

It wasn't that we wasn't fightin'.
We done the best we could.
We pelted them bloody Germans,
But it didn't do very much good.

While we was thus debatin'
Whether to fight now or wait
A bomb fell in amongst us
And killed—I think 'twas eight.

Well, sir, with a cry like thunder
I went right over the top
An' say, for the next few minutes
I made them Germans hop!

An' I yelled to the boys to come over
And help me fight 'em back,
Together we sent 'em back yellin',
Then came back with a pack.

The President gave me a medal,
And said my life was well spent
For single-handed I druv 'em back
And saved the regiment!

Just suppose I had!

Dora Sussman, '19

Class Day Program

Marshal's Address	William E. Bagg, Jr.
Class History	Margaret McSweeney
Class Statistics	Kenneth F. Williams
Violin Solo	James N. Woolrich
Presentation of Gift to School	Accompanied by Claude R. Halford
Class Prophecy	Gladys B. Wiswell
Vocal Solo	Keith Pierce
Presentation of Gifts to Class	Edna Friss
Class Ode	Grace E. Cranston Assisted by Edwin Benson Class

Class Prophecy

With Apologies to Longfellow

Should you ask me whence these visions?
 Whence these glimpses of the future?
 I should answer, I should tell you
 "From a seer of long past ages,
 From a Sibyl long forgotten,
 I repeat them as I heard them."
 If still further you should ask me,
 Saying, "Who was this mad Sibyl?"
 I should answer your inquiries
 Straightway in such words as follows:
 "On the shores of Lake Avernus,
 In a cavern deep and rocky,
 Dwelt a priestess bent and aged,
 Dwelt a writer, mad, of verses.
 In her cavern, dark and gloomy,
 Gloomy with the fates impending,
 Of the nearby future sang she;
 Sang she fates both sad and merry
 As she placed her leaves in order,
 Leaves that told of coming seasons.
 Straightway to her presence came I,
 Came I, bowing low in terror.
 Spake I then in accents trembling,
 Spake I of my purpose there;
 Begged I that she tell the future,

Tell the future of my comrades."
 Turned she then, this Sibyl aged,
 Turned she then and thoughtful answered,
 "O you prophet! you poor numskull!
 Listen to the words of wisdom,
 Listen to the words of warning
 From the lips of the great Sibyl,
 From the seer of better ages."
 Stirred she then the leaves of omen,
 Poked them round about the cavern.
 "Look and see thou infant prophet,
 See what Johnnie Frank is come to,
 Johnnie Frank, the great, majestic,
 Sways he men with soap-box speeches,
 Sways he them like Billy Sunday.
 'Vote for Frank, Peru's first mayor,
 Vote for John, the pride of Berkshire.' "
 Poked she more the leaves about her,
 Stirred them round about the cavern.
 Turned she then with eyes atwinkle,
 Toothless mouth agape with humour.
 Of a maiden gentle spake she,
 Spake she of our friend Grace Corkhill:
 "Homeless cats are Grace's hobby,
 She a home has opened for them.
 In her home so rich and roomy,
 In her care for cats devoted
 Jimmie Woolrich aids her greatly,
 Jimmie Woolrich, doctor famous."
 Closely watched I this mad seeress,
 List I to her endless babble.
 "In a city great and famous,
 In a costume gay and scanty,
 On the stage appears Miss Cottrell,
 Shines she as a ballet dancer.
 In her troupe select and fancy,
 In her chorus young and pretty,
 Is a face in truth familiar
 Of the gay young Katie Cronin."
 Stirred she yet the leaves of omen,
 Poked them yet about her cavern.
 "Look and see O you fool prophet,

See the fate of Kenneth Williams,
 Kenneth Williams stern and mighty.
 On an isle in the Pacific,
 On a wild and savage island,
 There lives Ken among the natives,
 There lives Ken a life romantic.
 To them preaching Equal Suffrage,
 Boldly preaching Votes for Women.
 Alice Coffey is his helper,
 'Votes for Women' on her banner.
 To the natives, meekly list'ning,
 Hands she pamphlets clearly telling
 Why the women should be voting,
 Why the men should rule no longer."
 Once more spake the Sibyl chuckling,
 Chuckling spake she of three wise men.
 Spake she of Jack Ward, the chemist,
 Of MacDonough spake she likewise,
 Spake of Walter Frank, their helper.
 "In their 'lab' so full of odors,
 'Mongst the shelves with bottles laden,
 They the moon in part examine,
 For green cheeses are they hunting.
 Walter, helper true, procured it,
 Brought it downward in his airplane."
 'Gain the leaves of omen poked she,
 'Gain in accents hoarse she babbled,
 Babbled of our dear friend Halford.
 "In a school new-built and modern,
 In your own new Pittsfield High School,
 Claude o'er teaching Latin labors,
 Labors o'er the verdant freshmen.
 There in that same Pittsfield High School,
 There another friend is working.
 There Bill Bagg so big and brawny,
 Holds a job so clean and easy,
 Holds the job of furnace stoker."
 Of a farm then spake the Sibyl,
 Of a farm both great and fertile,
 Of a farm by Ruth White managed.
 "In her fields of wheat and barley,
 Ripe and ready for the harvest,

On a reaper modern working,
 In her overalls and jumper,
 In a cap so trim and dainty,
 Is a maid with face familiar,
 Is your old friend 'Billy' Kevlin.
 In Ruth's dairy white and spotless,
 In their snow-white caps and aprons,
 Making butter rich and fragrant,
 Making cheeses white and creamy,
 Are two comrades of your school days,
 Peggy Barnes and gay Pete Cande.
 With her helpers quick and handy,
 With her maidens true and faithful,
 Ruth doth prosper on her farm lands,
 Doth she live in peace and plenty."
 Poked she more the leaves about her,
 Poked them rounabout her cavern.
 Then sang she of one grown manly,
 Sang of one in work grown helpful,
 Of Salvation Armies sang she,
 Of James Kenny, leading spirit,
 Of his singing on street corners,
 Of his preaching loud and forceful.
 In his band so busy lifting,
 Lifting souls to higher levels,
 Edna Friss, his leading worker,
 Plays the drum and leads the singing.
 Vera Harper takes collection,
 Helen Kallman helps him likewise.
 Gather they each eve on North Street,
 Gather they in service helpful."
 Still sang on the hoary Sibyl
 Still she sang tho tired and weary,
 Sang she of a trio happy,
 Sang she of Miss Klein the dancer,
 Of Miss Cranston sang she likewise,
 Of Mattoon their graceful teacher.
 "Round about the country playing,
 Playing to immense crowds always."
 Then the Sibyl aged ended.
 Ended she her future visions.
 Then to me spake she so haggard,

Spake in tones both weak and weary,
 "Haste thee, O thou foolish prophet,
 Haste thee out of this my cavern."
 Vainly pleading sought I further,
 Sought I visions of the future.
 Not another word she uttered,
 Not another fate would tell me.
 From her cavern dark she chased me,
 With my task half ended left me.

Keith E. Pierce

Presentation of Gifts to Class

I am called Lady Bountiful. I am sure everyone here knows me. All my dear little urchins have grown up and with my help have gone away to school. I feel that they will all make a success of life and no longer need my gifts—all except Bud here. He is the one exception. I don't know what to make of him. He doesn't seem to care about growing up or getting an education. I guess he wants to be my pet urchin all his life. Anyway I am going to make use of him to-night.

Having no one now on whom to bestow my bounty, and having heard of this splendid and deserving graduating class, I have come with a few gifts for them.

Miss Mae Carey is first on the list. Mae, I have heard of your most sweet and beautiful laugh. I am giving you a blank record on which you may produce this laugh. May I suggest that you make this a present to the school, that the pupils may be cheered by it after their midyear exams.

Katherine Reagan's name is next. Dropping a mirror Katherine, is not good for the mirror, and a broken one is a bad sign. I have, therefore brought you this unbreakable mirror.

Miss Ariel Jacobs. I have heard that you, Ariel, are the noisiest girl in the class. I am giving you a drum, that you may give expression to your noisy instincts.

Miss Mary Gaul. To you, the class wit, I have brought a companion joker. May he bring to you as much fun as your keen and ready wit has brought us.

Miss Ida Funk. May this little bow make you as happy as your many other beaux.

Miss Lillian Needham. Hearing of your love for dancing, I have brought you this untiring partner.

Miss Dora Sussman. Your little diary must be nearly full by this time. As I wouldn't want you to leave one day of your life unrecorded, I have brought you a new diary. When you have written your autobiography, I am certain everyone in the class would be glad to receive a copy.

Miss Margaret McSweeney. Learning of your great love for swimming, especially in the coldest of waters, when companions are scared out, I have brought this little duck, who will accompany you in all kinds of weather.

Miss Marguerite Street will please come forward. Marguerite, I heard the other day, that the supply of powder in your desk was getting low. Knowing that it is really a necessity with you, I have brought a fresh supply.

Miss Harriet Gehrkens. This prescription for you. You must mix it yourself. Take one ounce of sweetness and a half dozen pleasant smiles; beat to a stiff foam, add conversation and a couple of teaspoonfuls of pulverized affections and jolly to suit the taste. Give him a generous spoonful each evening, when he calls.

Miss Mary Aaronson. I have brought you a new model of the recently perfected Aaronson talking machine. I am sure this phonograph will give you as much amusement as you have given your class.

Miss Ruth Lewarn. Your French teacher recently told me about your wonderful knowledge of that language. I am presenting you with a French dictionary that this knowledge may never leave you.

Miss Alice Steele. The fame of your coiffure has spread abroad. With such artistic tastes, I am sure you will be delighted with this little book entitled "The Art of Hairdressing."

Gladys Wiswell, Helen White, and Florence Bitensky will please come forward. I have consulted the doctor about you three. For you, Gladys, he prescribed Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, which I am glad to be able to provide. For you, Helen, he advised sleep, so I have brought you this pine pillow fresh from the woods. Place your head on this, and you will soon be lost in slumber. His prescription for you, Florence, is this tonic, Beef, Iron, and Wine.

Miss Anna Murphy. Your charming little giggle has become well known. Accordingly I do now christen you Minnehaha and present you with this sample of laughing water.

Miss Flora Shepardson. Knowing that after so many years of constant use, your curling-iron must be nearly worn out, I have brought a new one for you, and I hope it will give as good service as the old one has.

John Leahy. Here, John, Is-a-belle.

Miss Helen Harder. I am sorry to say that I have heard complaints from your teachers, to the effect that your recitations cannot be heard. To remedy the difficulty I am giving you this megaphone.

Miss Kathleen Casey. Every girl should learn the art of cooking. In this little book you will find many recipes, the faithful following of which will make you expert in this line of woman's work.

Hazel Benton. Hazel, if you are Benton living in Richmond, you will find this automobile convenient, when visiting the scenes of your school days.

Miss Ruth Gorfinkle is next. I have always tried to help people in their distress and pain, and so I have brought you to-night these two corn plasters. I hope they will give immediate relief.

Margaret Hanrahan. To you, known as the quiet girl who likes to sit down in a corner and read interesting stories, I do present this most exciting book entitled, Burke's Conciliation.

Miss Margaret Heany. I have noticed that a couple of new hair bobs would greatly add to your beauty, and so I have brought them to you to-night.

Miss Lillian Meagher. Great is your renown as the class beauty. May I offer you these pearls for your ears to give the final touch to your loveliness?

Mr. Keith Pierce. Keith I have heard of your need of a new hat. Accordingly I have had one especially made for you. Try it on and see if it fits.

I cannot leave without remembering in some way my little Bud. I heard of his attempt at farming last summer and I have brought him this hoe and rake, hoping that he will continue his efforts along this line.

Now, dear graduates, my cart is empty. I am glad to see you so pleased with your gifts and hope they may prove incentives in your climb to success.

Grace E. Cranston

The History of the Class of 1919

We, the class of 1919, entered this institution of learning in February 1915, with the distinction of being the most sophisticated freshman class in the history of the school. Most freshmen, as you know, are awed by the majestic air of the teachers, and bewildered by the taunts of the upper classmen. But the class of 1919 rose above the difficulties which usually make life miserable for an entering body of students. We approached the teachers in a calm and dignified manner. We met the jeers and slurs of the sophomores with a lofty silence.

Altho we were obliged to go to school in the afternoon, we were quite as active socially, as any class. Who will forget the famous "Bean" club, formed while we were studying that wonderful vegetable, the common bean? For combining pleasure with knowledge, what could have been better than those hikes we took to the hills and woods about the town? The class will remember especially the time we went to South Mountain, missed the one o'clock car and arrived at the school about half an hour late, a great offence for an afternoon session class.

Our time was not entirely devoted to pleasure, however. The teachers will recall our studious dispositions. We seemed to have an inborn knowledge of the proper methods of conjugating Latin verbs and juggling algebraic expressions, altho I dare say that some of our instructors might assert that we have forgotten some of it since then.

At the end of our first year we were transferred to the morning session. For

a few weeks, we were somewhat confused by the change, but, in a very short time, owing to our superior intellectual ability, we were able to accustom ourselves to our new surroundings. How nice it seemed to have the afternoon free! What delight we took in the splendid assemblies of that year! Altho this was the least eventful of any of our high school years, it was one of the most enjoyable.

In February 1917, we entered our third year. How proud we were of our dignity as Juniors! With what disdain we looked down upon the verdant freshmen and insolent sophomores! Of course, upon becoming Juniors, we devoted ourselves to the more serious side of school life. Many members of the class applied themselves to the study of modern languages, so diligently that the results were quite edifying. Others went in for science. While the results in this line have not been so easily seen, they have been heard quite frequently in the region of the third floor. Still others have devoted themselves to that always popular subject, oral English. There are, in our number several promising young orators whose powers of speech have been considerably developed by means of this study. However, we can forgive the foreign expressions, the explosions and the soapbox speeches, when we think of how much good has been derived from them. For, as our friend Virgil says, "Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit." (Perhaps sometime even these things will be pleasant to remember).

In spite of our application to our studies, we found some time to devote to social activities. It was during this year that the organization of the class and election of officers took place. Who will forget our first class meeting? About twenty of the most courageous students attended this gathering. Even these sat about in small groups and conversed in low tones. There were no fiery speeches such as characterized our senior meetings. The officers elected at this time were: William Bagg, president, Grace Cranston, treasurer, and Ruth White, secretary, all of whom are still holding office, having proved themselves thoroughly capable. At this time came the institution of our class tax which, as administered by our efficient treasurer has made the class the wealthiest in the history of the school.

We began our Senior year very quietly. This quiet, however, was not destined to last, for, in the spring it was rumored that plans were underway for a Junior Prom, in the management of which the Senior B's were to have no part. A series of notable meetings was held, and after many stormy sessions an agreement was finally reached.

At the first meetings this fall, committees were appointed for the Senior Dance and Senior Play. The dance, which was held in December, was a great success both socially and financially. Soon after this event, the cast for the play, "Mr. Bob," was chosen and rehearsals were begun.

During the last six months many class meetings have been held, and it is unnecessary to say that for length and oratorical display, they have never been paralleled in the history of the school. The meeting which was perhaps the

liveliest, was held to discuss the sleighride, which, owing to the lack of snow, and several other reasons, known best to those who attended the meeting, turned out to be a trolley ride. In spite of this, the event proved to be most enjoyable.

After we had the sleighride and banquet, it was decided to hold class day exercises and a committee was appointed to select speakers for this occasion.

On the seventh of February, the Senior Play was presented. Since most of you saw it, I shall only say that it was the best class play ever given in this city.

Last evening we held our Graduation exercises, and to-day is our class day, the concluding event in the history of the finest class ever graduated from the Pittsfield High School.

Margaret M. McSweeny

The Statistics of the Feb. Class of 1919

Mr. President, Members of the class, Members of the orchestra, Teachers, Secretaries of the office, Janitor, Ladies and Gentlemen. My dear friends: I wish to assure you at the very beginning of my speech that, although I myself may be a long drawn-out affair, my talk will not be. I will make it as brief as possible and you may rest assured that I will be as happy as you when it is over.

You have heard from our Class Historian what a surprisingly brilliant and notable class this class of February '19 has been during the past four years. You will hear, before the evening is over, what extraordinary men and women we are to become in the near future. Our Class Prophet will give you this bit of information in a truly entertaining manner. Therefore it remains for me, and for me alone, as Statistician, to tell you how much above the average this class is now at the present time.

There are members of this class who were born in the remotest regions of the world. Why, for instance, one of our members was born in Savoy while another was born in Peru. Can you imagine this? Born in these remote regions and under these adverse conditions but still able to conquer their hardships and graduate with this renowned class. Other members of the class were born in such places as Minsk in Russia, Iceland, Turkey, Greenland, Kalamazoo, Hinsdale and one member claims to have been born at the North Pole, just left of the Equator. This is truly a remarkable class.

Taken as a whole, we might be considered rather ancient as the sum of our ages totals 887 years. But taken as individuals we would probably be considered juveniles, as the average age of the class is a trifle less than seventeen and one-half years.

We are not what one would call tall boys and girls, but our average height is five feet five inches, which is believed to be the correct height of students at the age of seventeen years. Our heights range from the shortest, five feet, to the

tallest, six feet. Of the first variety we have three girls and of the second four boys. It might be interesting to note that while we are not exceedingly tall as individuals, nevertheless if we were to be piled up, as it were, one student standing on another's head, we would make a human monument, higher by eighty feet than the famous Bunker Hill monument. We would come within twenty-five feet of being able to look over the top of Bennington monument, which rises three hundred and one feet in the air. So much for the monuments. Now for the weights. Here is where we find some interesting facts.

This mass of human bodies aggregates a total weight of nearly three tons. Think of it! And the average weight of the class is only one hundred and sixteen pounds. Ten pounds below what is considered that the weight of students at this age should be. Our featherweight student is none other than our Valedictorian, John Frank. John weighs only eighty-five pounds. The heavyweight of the class is our Honorable President, Mr. Bagg. Mr. Bagg is one of our six-footers and his weight is one hundred and fifty-five pounds.

As we weigh ten pounds below the average it is not surprising that the common size of our shoes is only five. You can see that our weight is not confined to our feet, anyhow. Although we have rather small feet, we have covered much ground during our four years at P. H. S.

Possibly, to you people in the audience, we appear to be decidedly green, but if you could have looked over some of the Questionnaires which were handed in, you would have quickly changed your mind. Green is not the chosen color of this class. Green has a very poor showing among the colors picked out as "Favorite Color." Blue is the color which was voted for by the majority of the members in the class. In the choosing of the "Favorite Animal" there was a close race. The Dog won out while the Cat came in a close second, with the Pig right behind.

Seventy-five per cent of this mass of "Alumnuts" intends to go to college. The professions which they are to take up cover a wide range. They vary from "The Gentle Profession of Business" to "The Time-honored Profession of House-keeper."

In more ways than one have we, the members of this class, shown our foresight and shown that we are ready to go out into the world. But the answer to the question, "What is your best recommendation for the High School?", I believe proves, beyond a doubt, that we are prepared for the tasks before us. The answer of more than fifty per cent of the class was, "Blow it up and build a new one." This, I believe, is wonderful advice and should be brought before the proper authorities. There were other answers to this question which seemed feasible such as to "Turn it into an Old Ladies' Home," or to "Make it the new Police Station."

Here comes the part of my speech which all have been eagerly waiting for. The end. But before I finish I have this to say. On our Questionnaires there

were two questions; one for the girls, one for the boys to answer. They read something like this: "Whom do you consider to be the most handsome fellow, or the prettiest girl, in the class?" The answers to these questions were varied and most interesting. One answer from a girl was "He left in his freshman year." I do thoroughly agree with her. But considering the poor material that we had to work with I believe the class is justified in choosing Miss Lillian Meagher for the prettiest girl and Mr. Claude Halford for the handsomest fellow. Will those two persons kindly rise and look pretty for the people? Thank you.

Kenneth F. Williams

Presentation of Gift to School

During the past four years, we the graduating class of Feb. 1919, have received many benefits from our Alma Mater, and we have given her very little in return, except our love and loyalty. Now that we have come to the parting of the ways and stand before you to-night for the last time as a class, we feel that we must try in a small way to repay our dear old P. H. S. for the loving care and guidance which we have received within its walls.

We realize that the Pittsfield High School of the future, will not be our old Pittsfield High School. Therefore we have chosen a gift which may be easily removed to the new school when it is necessary.

During our school years although we have had a very efficient school orchestra for special occasions, nevertheless we have keenly felt the need of music in all our assemblies.

In order that the succeeding classes may not feel this need, it is my duty and pleasure to present to you in the name of the class of February 1919 a Columbia Graphonola. May its music help to preserve the name of the class of February 1919.

Gladys B. Wiswell

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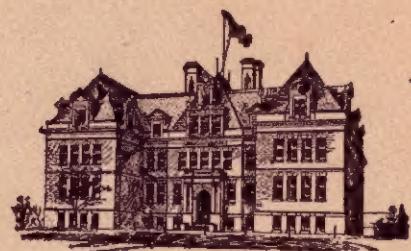
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